COULD READ THE SIGNS.

Little German Knew Well the Marriage Was at Hand.

A little elderly German who keeps a stationer's shop amuses himself by making up stories about his customers and telling them to his family.

"Dat young lady who has de pink cheeks, she be married soon, I t'ink," he announced one night.

"Now, my Carl, you know nottings of her whateffer, is it not so?" and his wife looked severe.

"It is like dis," said the stationer solemnly: "I observe, and I know. At first she buys paper and envelopes de same; later she buy twice as more paper, and den five times as more paper as envelopes. So I know she is betrothed. And to-day she buy only one-half dozen envelopes and five times as more paper; and when I tell her she get dem cheaper if she buy many, she say, 'I have no need of more, t'ank you;' so I know de friend he comes soon and so comes de marriage on quickly."—Youth's Companion.

Ghosts of Dead Lakes.

In the great basin between the Rockies and the Sierra Nevadas lie the ghosts of many dead lakes. Rivers still flow down to the dry edge of these one-time great reservoirs and are licked up by evaporation and the chinook winds. Of all the lakes that once lay there, only Great Salt Lake, Lake Tahoe and Bear Lake are left. The Southern Pacific rolls for 165 miles across the bed of what was once Lake Lahontan, and the passengers gazing idly from the windows may see the terraces and wrinkles in the crust of the fossil lake which nature robbed and defrauded of its crystal treasures ages ago.—Exchange.

"Tainted Money" No New Thing.

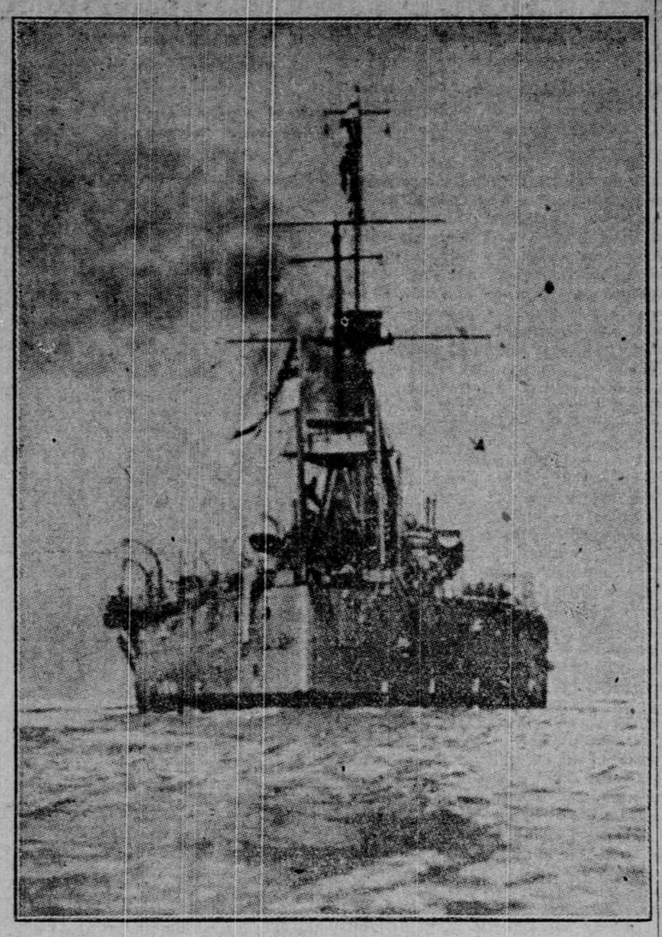
"'Nay, nay, nay!' said the archbishop, waving a white, jeweled hand as the chief began to divulge some of his larger plans. 'Tell me not of thy wicked schemes! Thy methods I must condemn utterly, but if thou bringest me the money, well, I can at least see to it that it be not used for bad purposes. And speaking of money, we need for the walls of the apse a hundred bags of gold. Dost think thou couldst manage it?'

"'Ay,' said the Gentle Robber, and that night he despoiled nine men, killing three that resisted longest, for he was a great lover of holy church, and a devout believer, nor could she ask of him any service that he would not perform."—"The Gentle Robber," in McClure's.

Supplied.

"Don't you want to get a talking machine for your home?" "Thanks; I have a wife at home now."—N. Y. Herald.

British Battleship Dreadnought.



Largest and most powerful battleship afloat.

HITS MARK FROM AFAR.

NEW HONOR TO ROOSEVELT AS LONG-DISTANCE SHOT.

President Stands in Washington and Makes a Fine Rifle Score in the Opening Event for Marksmen in Charleston, S. C.

Charleston, S. C.—President Roosevelt may congratulate himself on being the champion long-distance rifle shot of the world. Standing in Washington, he shot a rifle three times and hit a target each time in this city, more than 450 miles away. While he did not make a bull's-eye, he yet managed to get within the 24 circle twice and the 21 circle once, and so scored 69 out of a possible score of 75, a very creditable performance for a person who shoots only between sessions of congress, international incidents and other big and engrossing things.

The occasion of the target practice of Mr. Roosevelt was the opening of the fifth triennial schuetzenfest of the National Schuetzen Bund of America, in Charleston. It was the wish of the riflemen to have Mr. Roosevelt there in person, so that they could show him that a rifle could speak as well in German as in rough rider. As he was busy in Washington, the president could not oblige, but he wanted to shoot, and did so.

Here the secret must come out. Mr. Roosevelt did not use the White House as his shooting gallery, despite the strenuous reports that sometimes find their way past Pete, the bulldog. Strategy was used, and Lieut. W. Melton Farrow was the strategist. It must be confessed that Lieut. Farrow aimed the gun, but President Roosevelt shot it off, and the record is his.

Lieut. Farrow brought a 32-caliber rifle made by him several years ago, and after three weeks' work adjusted it on a pedestal on which it could be held for shooting at the target. Attached to it was a magnetic contrivance, which, by the completion of an electric circuit, pulled a delicate hair trigger and did the shooting. The button to complete the circuit was in the White House.

But the bare pleasure of pressing the button was not all that the president was to have for his part in the performance. Near the rifle was rigged a big telephone receiver, and when Mr. Roosevelt made his shots he was able to hear the welcome crack of the rifle.

Gov. Ansel then conveyed to the president the congratulations of the National Schuetzen Bund and its guests on the excellent score he had made and the thanks of them all for opening the fest. The band played "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and there was a great salvo of cheers. The president said that he could hear the cheering and the music very distinctly, and he was sure that everybody was having a jolly time, and he would like to be with them.

Growth of the Telephone.

Millions of Instruments Are in Use in This Country.

Washington. — Statistics issued at the close of the year 1906 show that there were in use in the United States alone more than 7,000,000 telephones, while an aggregate of a little more than 6,000,000 miles of wire was used for telephone service.

The telephone industry gives employment to 90,000 persons in the United States, an increase of 171 per cent. in six years, while during the same period the number of stations has increased 239 per cent. and the wire mileage 349 per cent.

There is little doubt that much of this increase is due to the general adoption of the so-called message rate system in place of the flat annual charge formerly in vogue. By making the charges proportional to the number of calls the use of the telephone has been widely extended both because of the greater willingness of people to become subscribers under such conditions and because the system gives an incentive to the local telephone companies to give good service and encourage the use of the telephone.

Another cause for the increase in the number of telephones in use is doubtless the extending number of large business buildings in various cities, since the telephone is an absolute necessity in the modern tall building, making it possible to transact business as well from the twentieth story as from the ground floor. The installation of the telephone in every suite in the modern hotel and large apartment house accounts for a portion of the increase.

EAT SWEETS, SAYS DOCTOR.

Sugar Most Strengthening and Chocolate Antidote for Fatigue.

London.—A noted Harley street physician bids fair to become the most popular physician in London, especially among the youth of both sexes and among the dentists. Everybody should eat at least a quarter of a pound of sweets daily is his dictum.

"Nothing," he says, "is more strengthening than sugar. It is possible to work for hours after eating four ounces of chocolate without feeling the slightest fatigue. If I had my way every soldier in the British army should be allowed a quarter of a pound of sweets every day. My practice is to take five or six lumps of sugar in every cup of coffee or tea."

Asked as to toothache, the physician replied: "I can only advise people to clean their teeth oftener."

THE POSTAL TUBES OF BERLIN.

Connect the Central Office with the Principal Stations.

Berlin.—The Berlin postal authorities are revolutionizing the conveyance of letters and parcels.

The idea on which they are experimenting is to have an underground tube with a large enough circumference to admit a man in a stooping posture. These tubes are to connect the central post office with the principal stations and with the district offices.

Two sets of rails are built in this tube or tunnel, one over the other, not side by side. The upper set of rails is supported on the sides of the tube, thus practically dividing it in two. Small carriages, running on two wheels, are automatically driven by electricity along these rails.

No locomotive is used nor is there any attendant with the carriage. As many as six of these carriages can be run together for conveying letters and parcels from the arrival station to the central post office and thence to the various district, or vice versa.

By this means letters can be delivered in any part of the city in less than a fourth of the time formerly required. So far the scheme is not beyond the experimental stages, but it promises to be a success and to banish from the streets the mail van, with all its poetry and romance.

Hatch Plot in Land Office.

Washington.—Hatching chickens in the file cases in one of the rooms of the general land office by the use of heat from a flue leading from the boilers that produce the electric power for the building is a new industry in which three women clerks have been engaged with great interest recently.

One of the women converted a file box into an incubator by substituting for it a box stuffed with cotton and containing three eggs.

She ascertained that the average temperature was 93 degrees, just right according to the books. But one night the flue got too hot and the eggs were cooked.

WEALTH AWAITS BOY

WILL FORFEIT $50,000 IF HE DOES NOT RETURN SOON.

Thirty Years Ago, When a Mere Youth, John Wilson Left Home After Quarrel with Parents—No Word from Him Since.

Omaha, Neb.—John Wilson will receive a fortune of approximately $50,000 if he shall return to his old home at Tecumseh within the next three years to reclaim it. If he fails to return within that time the money will go to relatives of his.

A starnge, sad story is the story of this man to whom a fortune has been left, but who will probably never know it. Thirty years ago when a mere boy Wilson had a quarrel with his father, John Wilson, Sr., a proud, unyielding old Scotchman, and in the heat of anger he ran away from his home at Tecumseh.

His father, believing that he would soon grow tired of taking the buffetings of the world and return to his home, made no effort to find the boy, and would permit no one else to do so.

The days lengthened into weeks, the weeks into months and the months into years and young John Wilson did not return to his home. His father loved him and longed for his return, and his mother was well nigh heartbroken over his absence, but the father's longing and the mother's grief were futile.

Twenty-five years went by and no word had come to the parents concerning their absent son, now grown to manhood if he were living. They were grown old and before they went to their final rest they felt that they must once more look into his face.

A man whom they suspected might be their son was in Dawson City, Alaska. Despite the fact that they were 80 years of age the parents set out for there hoping against hope that they might find the son whom they so longed to see. They made the journey to Alaska safely, but found no trace of their son there and returned to their home with broken hearts. Within a few months the father died and soon afterward the mother followed him to the grave.

Seven years ago the aged couple made a will in which a large part of their estate was bequeathed to their absent son on condition that he returned to Tecumseh within ten years to claim it. In the seven years that have elapsed since the will was drawn the son's part of the estate has increased until it is now estimated at $50,000. It will be held for him three years longer. If he shall not return to his old home meantime the will provides that the bequest shall be divided among the other heirs of the dead man and woman.

The other heirs have sought to have the will set aside and to secure a division of that part of the estate left to the son, but the supreme court has held that the will must stand and that the $50,000 must be held for the son three years longer.

Where young Wilson has been in the 30 years of his absence from his old home nobody in Tecumseh knows. He may be dead; he may be in Alaska or the Philippines.

His long absence and their disappointment at their failure to find him in Alaska shortened the lives of his parents, who were old residents of Tecumseh and very highly respected by their neighbors.

SHAVES HUSBAND TO BUY RUG.

Head of Family Undergoes Torment to Help Wife Get Carpet.

Trenton, N. Y.—When the new rug is laid in Grace Baptist church, about four yards of it will be consecrated to the fortitude of Henry Lonsdale. Every thread represents a whisker which Lonsdale submitted to a razor wielded by his wife.

Mrs. Lonsdale is a member of the Ladies' Aid society, which planned to buy the church carpet on the self-denial plan. There is some difference of opinion on this point, the men asserting that Lonsdale showed himself a martyr, while the women are congratulating the wife.

While other women baked bread and sewed, Mrs. Lonsdale decided she would shave her husband, and charge him 15 cents for the operation. It is not on record how Lonsdale first received the proposition, but the fact that he consented to act the victim is proof that his wife has the true religious spirit.

For four months did Lonsdale go through the shaving process. He once believed that a shave once a day was a necessity, but under the skillful manipulation of his wife he discovered that he could get along on three shaves a week.

Only once did Mrs. Lonsdale ask: "Does the razor hurt?" He did not swear; he did not groan, but the look of anguish was enough.

Device Really Burns Smoke.

Washington.—A device which will burn smoke is in operation in this city. It has not passed the experimental stage, but its success is reported as certain. At one of the large artificial ice concerns the device has been installed. The principle of the new method for doing away with smoke is to secure complete combustion by means of introducing a current of air into the furnace above the fire in such a way that the oxygen thus admitted immediately combines with the smoke and cinders that would otherwise be ejected from the stack. It is claimed that the device can be used in any furnace.

Stops Work Till Eggs Hatch.

Detroit, Mich.—Rather than disturb a pair of robins who are setting on a couple of eggs Contractor E. E. Hartford has suspended operations on a house he is building on Goowin avenue. The nest was discovered in the skeleton of a window in the second story.

"I am very fond of birds," said Mr. Hartford, "and my men and I will see to it that the construction of the house does not interfere with the nest."

THE NEW INSURANCE AGENT.

He Comes in With the New Law—Paul Morton on His Opportunity.

The new insurance law of the State of New York has opened up a promising field for both men and women with brains and energy in the sale of life insurance. The law now provides standard forms of policies, each of which practically bears the hall mark of the State of New York, and this new order of things has established the sale of life insurance on a correct basis.

The prohibition against rebating and extravagant allowances to agents has driven out of the business the old type of insurance agent, who in many cases virtually bought business, with large rebates, instead of selling it. His place is being taken by professors, lawyers, school teachers of both sexes, and others, who find that being a life insurance agent under the new system offers greater reward than their previous vocations. The law has reduced commissions but all of the commission now goes to the agent. Life insurance is something that everyone needs and under the present system its sale is being conducted with becoming dignity and propriety.

Paul Morton, president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, has taken the lead in building up an agency organization that is in keeping with the demands of public sentiment, and the standard he has set for his company. He says: "We want new agents, both men and women, but none except energetic, able and truthful people need apply. For such there is a splendid opportunity."

Mr. Morton's policy of injecting new and vigorous blood into the agency force of the Society is meeting with success in all parts of the country.

ONCE THE PATH WAS SMOOTH.

Discard That Old Adage About the Course of True Love.

A remarkable wedding has lately taken place at Naples, remarkable because of the extreme youth and alertness of the happy couple. When Celestino Giordano, aged 15, with Gicelia Nappi, his chosen bride, went to the registry office to be married, the commissioner was very loath to perform the ceremony, for the pair had not reached the age limit prescribed by the civil code. The young folks had evidently expected to have to overcome difficulties to their union, for while the commissioner was hesitating as to what he should do, they sprang a surprise on him and settled the matter by producing a royal decree of dispensation, which they had obtained direct from the king. This being proved genuine the children were joined to wedlock in the presence of their parents and a large gathering of interested spectators.

One Hundred Years Ago.

Gen. Zebulon Pike was discovering the peak that bears his name. "The reason why I know I'm the first white man that ever saw it," he said, "is that it hasn't got any patent medicine signs on it." Regretting that he couldn't spare the time to stop and discover the gold that lay hidden all around him, he took a parting look at the snowy summit of the peak and resumed his toilsome march.

Nothing Doing.

"I've worked for the party faithfully for the past 20 years," began the office-seeker, "and I can say with truth that I never once asked for any office—" "Glorious record!" put in the party leader. "I wouldn't think of urging you to break it. Keep it up."

Work of Trained Oarsmen.

Eight trained oarsmen pulling a boat exert about two horsepower.

All Misfortune.

"Pop," said Farmer Korntop's little boy, "what does it mean when you say 'misfortunes never come singly?'" "Wal," replied Farmer Korntop, "thet's just about the truth. First comes a wet spell that'll spile the tomatoes an' then comes a dry spell that spiles everything else."

No Time for Extras.

Tiny Sister (rushing into big sister's room)—Please hurry, Lulu; Mr. White is downstairs. Lulu (very grandly, while she dabs her face with the powder puff—Very well, dear; I'll be down. Tiny Sister (nervously)—Oh, please don't wait to shave!—Woman's Home Companion.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

Talk is cheap if you get it from a gossip.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed May Pechis, "I wonder what makes these gloves of mine so tight." "Ah!" sighed the lovelorn youth, "I, too, would be intoxicated were I a glove upon that hand."